

You'll Float Too

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You'll Float Too by [casstayinmyass](#)

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Summary:

You and Bill are upstairs in the new house you've just moved into together, when you hear a noise. This leads your husband to the basement... and you following not long after.

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Author's Note:

From my tumblr @headoverhiddles.

“Bill?”

Your feet barely make a sound against the floorboards as you carefully trek out of the bedroom. Your husband, Bill Skarsgård, had told you he would just be a moment– that the noise was probably just the broken furnace in the old house you two had just bought. This was, of course, after you had so abruptly been interrupted.

“Fuck, baby,” you had whispered, grinding against him and dipping down to slip your tongue back into his mouth.

“Look at how wet you are for me,” he had growled, fingers curling up inside of you mercilessly as his thumb rubbed your clit. You bounce on his fingers, one leg on either side of his own long ones.

“Bill, I-” you gasp, squealing as he readjusted his hand, shoving his fingers even deeper.

“Love feeling that pussy squeeze around me...” he tugged you down, licking his fingers off with a pop. “Love feeling it around my dick.”

“I’ve got something else in mind,” you grinned, moving the covers down to brush your lips against his clothed, hardened cock.

“Fuck,” he breathed in turn, breath hitching as you give a lick through his pyjama pants. That was when the noise had sounded.

Your head had popped up. “What was-”

“That?” he echoed at the same time.

“It’s probably the rain,” you murmur, “The thunderstorm is loud.”

“Sure... but rain or no rain, if that fucking piece of shit of a furnace is broken again, I’m gonna-” You envelop his lips again, but he groans,

softly pushing you off. “Here, I’ve gotta fix the thing, I don’t wanna freeze all night. I’ll be back in a second, babe,” he had promised, kissing your forehead. You had smiled, and tugged at his loose pyjama pants from the bed.

“You’d better be. I want these off.”

A smirk your way, and he had dashed off downstairs.

Now, it had been a long while, and you hadn’t heard him answer any of your calls for him.

Coming to the door of the basement, you open it cautiously.

“Bill, where are you?” You tug his oversized “cast” T-shirt he had kept from Allegiant further down over your panties. It was cold down here, and– you gasp. The basement was flooded. Was the thunderstorm really that bad?

“Bill,” you hiss, “I hate it down here... did you fix the furnace?!”

You hear a ripple in the water, and swallow, taking another step down. “Hey... can you hear me? It’s still freezing, it must not be wor-” You stop, and gaze around. There’s no sign of your husband. You turn, and bite your lip. Maybe he’s upstairs in the kitchen, and he faked the furnace just to get a midnight snack...

No, but you were about to go down on him. The day Bill evaded a blow job for the last slice of carrot cake in your fridge was the day hell froze over.

Speaking of freezing over... You shiver again, and begin to take two stairs at a time up– until you hear another ripple, and a small splash.

“Bill?” you repeat for the billionth time, sighing as you turn back. “What are you– oh!” You find Bill standing by the far wall, up to his knees in water.

“What are you doing?” you ask incredulously, clutching your heart at the startle. He just stares at you. “What the fuck are you looking at?” you ask playfully, and smack your ass with a small smile. “Come up and get it.” You bite your lip and turn toward the door, but Bill

doesn't follow. You huff. "I'm getting a towel for you. No way I'm letting you in the bed with soaking legs." He still makes no move. "Bill!! Come on!"

This time, he smiles.

"But (y/n)," he says quietly, "If you come with me... you'll float too."

"What?" you mutter, and then you roll your eyes so far back you're sure they've hit the front of your brain. "Oh Christ. Your movie line? Really? My husband played a killer clown, I'm not scared of anything." You let out a laugh that seems out of place in the eerie, dripping basement. "Stop being a dork and come with me, will you?" You hold out a hand, making a grabby motion.

He takes a step forward. "You'll float too."

"Only if you provide the finest duck floaties," you tease, grinning, "AND poolside cocktails."

"You'll float too."

"Yeah, okay, that's nice, let's g-"

"You'll float too," he begins to laugh, and you frown.

"Bill, st-"

"You'll float too!" his voice takes on a giggly pitch, then his face changes. "You'll float too, you'll float too, *you'll float too-*"

You back away, and your eyes widen as Bill's face slowly begins to peel off, revealing flesh and teeth and bone. "You'll float too! You'll float too!" His voice is now low, demonic, and his eyes are clouding over as blood runs from them.

"Baby," you breathe, a tear running down your cheek. He was decomposing right before your eyes, and you could do nothing about it- it was the most horrible thing you'd ever seen.

"You'll float TOO! YOU'LL FLOAT TOO!" he begins to shout, eyes blazing as his mouth falls open.

“Stoppit!” you scream, and hide your eyes, clutching the railing. You suddenly hear silence, so you look up. There, in place of Bill, is Pennywise the fucking dancing clown, grinning over at you.

What the fuck?

“You smell lovely,” he titters, biting his lip with those sharp teeth you saw Bill take in and out during shooting. You could tell from the reflection of the water he was drooling, too. “So, so lovely, little girl.”

“Bill?” you ask softly, because really, it’s all you’ve remembered by way of words.

“*Bill? Bill?*” Pennywise mocks, shaking himself violently, “Where are you?! It’s cold, and I’m such a *slut* that I can’t wait five *minutes* for you to *fuck* me!” He arches his back, mimicking your moans from upstairs, and you gasp.

“That’s right,” he giggles gleefully, “You don’t think I can smell i-t?” He takes a deep breath. “Mmmmm, I smelled it on him before I snapped his spine!”

“No,” you sob, and the clown glares.

“Yes! You smell good. Special. Like nothing I’ve ever taste-d... I want to taste you.”

You clench your jaw. Your legs are shaking, but... those eyes, boring down on you... they couldn’t... be *doing* things to you, could they? Suddenly, you’re disgusted with yourself.

“Are you scared?” he laughs, half to himself. “I do hope so. That will make it taste so much better.”

“Why?” you breathe shakily, “Why are you here?”

“Because,” Pennywise growled, “Just like your precious Bill said, before he died in agony...” The clown’s eyes lit up, glowing. “YOU’LL FLOAT TOO!” It came out as an otherworldly scream, and suddenly, Pennywise was lurching at you, slamming you onto the staircase and tossing open your legs—

“AH!” you shriek, and open your eyes. The room is dark, and the covers over you are strewn around. Bill turns over beside you, brow crinkling as he blinks open his own eyes.

“Hey... what’s going on?” He yawns. “You okay?”

“I,” you murmur, then start crying. He wakes himself fully up now, leaning over and cradling your head.

“Hey... hey, hey, you’re okay,” he’s frowning, concerned, as he pulls you into his arms, “You’re okay... whatever it was, it was just a dream, (y/n).”

“You were... but you were–” you try to articulate, sobbing uncontrollably. Bill, with all his facial features still perfectly intact, stares down at you earnestly.

“Hey. Just a dream. Okay? I’ve got you. I’m okay. See? I’m here.” His soft voice lulls you back into a calm state, and you clutch his arms and bury your face in his chest. Maybe his movie had gotten to you more than you thought... and the secret you had kept from him that you actually found him attractive in his costume.

He lays you back down, and strokes your hair back, whispering how much he loves you in your ear. You never want to let go... sleep begins to take you again.

Bill looks down at your sleeping form, and adjusts his head on the pillow, turning over. You make no move to wake up. He closes his eyes, then they open again slowly to reveal yellow orbs. As you fall asleep, you think you hear a gentle giggle, but it was just a dream... just a dream...